

TOC H JOURNAL



DECEMBER

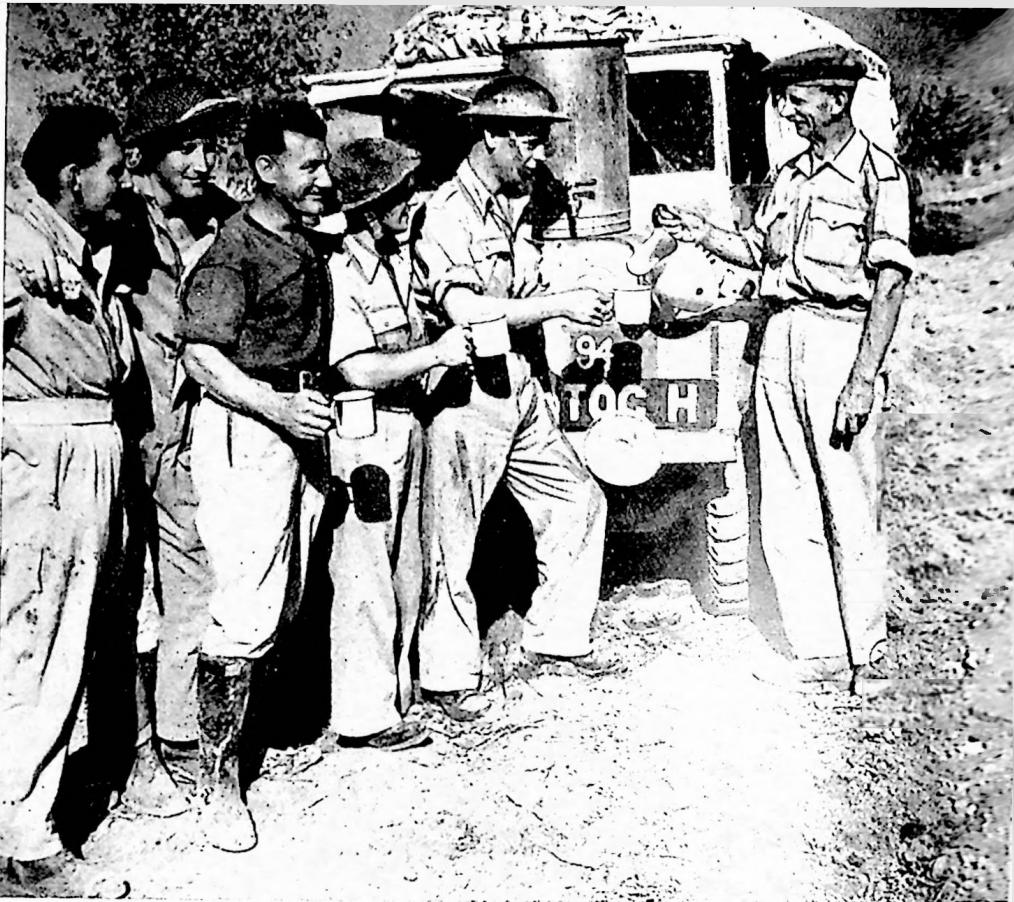
MCMXLIV

TOC H, 47, FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

THREEPENCE

TOC H ON WHEELS.

TOP: Ned Lewis (Portishead Branch) serves the troops in an Italian olive orchard.
(Photo: Photographic News Agencies.)



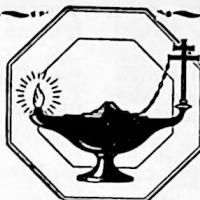
BELOW: A 15-cwt. Utilcon van, bound for the Western Front. The driver is Miss M. Bourhill, daughter of a Warrington member and first of our women drivers to cross the Channel. (Photo: L.N.A.)



TOC H JOURNAL

VOL. XXII, No. 12

DECEMBER, 1944



THE WORD WAS
MADE FLESH

AND CRADLED IN
A MANGER

THE WORD OF GOD, Who formed the worlds,
guides the course of Nature,
enlightens men,
translates Himself into the language of humanity
and is made Man.

His power is shown in the weakness of a child,
for the weakness of God is stronger than men;

His majesty in the simplicity of Bethlehem,
for He took on Him the form of a servant.

His Love reveals itself as suffering,
for He came to give His life
a Ransom for many.

HE, THE MAKER, depends upon the Universe
for food, breath, help and life.
Cradle, straw, oxen and ass
all serve Him gladly:
Only men receive Him not, but despise.

O shining MYSTERY OF JESUS,
Let me draw near to Thee: draw me to Thyself.
The Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee:
Thou dost give Thyself to men.
I renounce my self-reliance: let my weakness
tower in Thy strength.
I renounce the pomp and glory of the world:
Teach me simplicity.

Without Thee I am nothing;
Without Thee I have nothing.
Let me desire nothing but Thee
and all the world in Thee alone
and for Thee,
JESUS MY GOD.

MAX PETITPIERRE.

The design on the cover of this issue was made for the cover of THE CHALLENGE (see page 188) at the first Christmas of the last war in 1914: it may well serve again for the TOC H JOURNAL thirty years later, the last Christmas, we all hope, of the present war in Europe. It was drawn by the late GEORGE KRUGER GRAY, the designer of our present silver coins, on which his initials appear.

YOUNG WORLD—II. Youth in Industry

This, the second article of our series on the service of youth (the first, by Padre Herbert Leggate was published in September), is contributed by Major R. A. C. RADCLIFFE, a former member of the Toc H staff, engaged until recently in Army Welfare and now in the rehabilitation of Prisoners of War.

Youth belongs to these latent resources which every society has at its disposal and on the mobilisation of which its vitality depends—KARL MANNHEIM.

THE subject of "Youth in Industry" can be studied and written about from three angles—the fictional, the historical and the angle of practical knowledge and experience. Much can be learned from all three approaches. I propose in this article to say a few words about the first two, and to write more fully about the third.

The Young Worker in Fiction—

First, some boys in fiction. Charles Kingsley with his harrowing tale of the little chimney sweep in *Water Babies* was, I think, the first of many authors to arouse my sympathetic interest in the subject; Charles Dickens with his autobiographical account of David Copperfield's humiliation and sufferings as a washer of bottles in the firm of Murdstone and Grinby quickly followed, and from that date to the present day, fiction has never failed to provide me with a supply of boy characters, whose experiences in industry have been unhappy owing to a lack of understanding of their needs and feelings by their employers—and alas! too often through a complete lack of sympathy and care for them too. My character list includes Mr. Wells' *Kipps*, Gian Lucca in Radclyffe Hall's *Adam's Breed*, Joe in Eleanor Smith's *Red Waggon* and three Danny's—unless my memory away from my books plays me false—in *Miners* by Boden, *The Marsh* by Ernest Raymond and *The Keys of the Kingdom* by Cronin. Draper's apprentice, waiter, circus hand, pit boy, errand boy, and shipyard apprentice—a fair selection. Joe, the circus boy, and Gian Lucca, the waiter, were the happiest and most successful because, loving their work, they could largely ignore their treatment. I know no story about a page boy—though I think it is quite time one was

written—and I have never read one about a girl in industry. Of course, it is possible to discount this fictional evidence, even when, in the case of David Copperfield and Mr. Kipps, the author is known to have drawn direct from his own experience, but no student of history will find any valid reason for doing so. History bears out only too painfully the novelists' tales of this country's neglect, cruelty and lack of sympathy for our youth in industry throughout the ages.

—and in History

"Throughout the ages" is not, perhaps, quite a fair statement, as, in the Middle Ages in the time of the Trade Guilds and down to the reign of Queen Anne, youth seems to have been much better looked after through the almost universal apprenticeship system than was the case later on when the Industrial Revolution had started.

Professor G. M. Trevelyan has a good deal to say on this matter in his recently published *English Social History*. Here is one quotation:

"The good or bad working of apprenticeship varied greatly with the character of the master. There must have been many hard cases, with some of which the Justices of the Peace, who were responsible for the granting of the indentures, were able to interfere as in the case recorded in the third chapter of *Oliver Twist*. But, on the whole, the relation of master and apprentice—at once domestic, educational and economic—served the purposes of society well. For centuries, apprenticeship was the school of Englishmen. It was the very practical answer made by our ancestors to the ever present problems of technical education and the difficult 'after school age.' Apprenticeship continued until, in the XIXth century the Industrial Revolution destroyed it, and substituted, in the first instance, a *laissez-faire* chaos by no means to the advantage of the uncared-for youth of the land. The situation, so created, has scarcely yet been made good."

True that, at times, the children were caught in the tentacles of industry before they had reached the apprenticeship age—Professor Trevelyan himself quotes Defoe noticing with approval at Colchester and in the Taun-

ton clothing region that "there was not a child in the town or villages round it of above five years old but, if it was not neglected by its parents and untaught, could earn its bread"—but at least the little mites earned their bread under, one hopes, the kindly eye of their parent in their own homes, and they had, when their work was done, the fields, and not slum streets to play in.

In the early days of the Industrial Revolution the treatment of youth in industry was beyond all question both terrible and shameful, and when one reads some of the speeches made in Parliament in opposition to the early Factory Acts one realises to what wickedness otherwise good men can be brought by blind adherence to a doctrine—in this case, of course, the doctrine of "*laissez faire*." But those evils and many of those under which my fictional characters suffered are, thank God for it, things of the past. A long succession of Factory, Education and Health Acts from 1833 to the present day and a social conscience ever more awake has steadily improved the position of youth in industry until to-day there are undoubtedly many good people in the country who sincerely believe that more than enough has been done for these young people, and that there is a real danger that they will be ruined if anything further is done on their behalf.

Practical Experience

Here, then, I will leave fiction and history behind, and turn to view the matter from the angle of my own practical experience. From the angle of that experience, which in seven years covered a wide field of industries in many parts of the country, I say without hesitation that the great majority of youth in industry in the years before the war were badly handled, neglected and overworked, and that our descendants will surely condemn us as fiercely and as justifiably for our sins and omissions in this matter as we to-day condemn our Victorian ancestors.

The Sea-going Boy

My first job in youth work was in the Toc H Hostel for young Merchant Seamen at Southampton. I found that the big shipping

companies did almost nothing for the welfare of their boys, who joined with such high hopes from their training ships. On board ship they were under the bo'sun, and not under the care of an officer, they were very badly accommodated, often with the men, and they were usually given the dullest jobs to do. As a result, of course, their keenness to be seamen quickly faded away, and they became at a very early age dissatisfied youngsters, who did not like their sea jobs, but yet were too restless by nature of the life to which they had got accustomed and on which their hearts were set, to hold down a shore job for more than a few months. Their restlessness was further accentuated by the casual way in which they were paid off from their ship as soon as she got to the home port, and left to fend for themselves, as best they might, until their ship sailed again, when they might or might not be re-engaged for another trip. What a way to treat these grand lads, who have done so splendidly in the war, and whom I am proud indeed to have served in some small way for a short time!

Casual Labour

From Southampton I went to Bristol. Here I taught at a Junior Instruction Centre for unemployed lads, for whom I also ran a Club, and I led a small Rover Crew.

At the Instruction Centre, I saw all the evils which have resulted from the destruction of the apprenticeship system. My young seamen had at least had the advantage of belonging to a definite trade, for which they had been trained, whereas the majority of these Bristol boys belonged to no trade whatever. They were just the casual labour of industry, drifting from one blind alley job to another, errand boys, builders' boys, ship boys, etc., and because few employers attempted to give them any helpful training or offered them any future, they left their jobs as they felt inclined, and spent the intervening weeks before they got another at the Centre.

The Centre gave them at least two things that industry denied them—general education and healthy bodily exercise, either on the

sports field or in the gymnasium. And yet many of the boys who deteriorated under my eyes were good boys, who had left their schools with good records, in every way.

Of my Rover Crew of seven, one did night work in a bakery, where the working conditions badly affected his health, and another, a fine lad and a splendid athlete, was so often kept working overtime that he could very rarely take part in the Crew's activities. To refuse overtime, for which he was, of course, paid, meant the sack, so he over-worked.

Mines and Shipyards

From 1934-1937 I worked in Durham amongst the pit villages and the shipyard towns. It was a time of very serious unemployment but, despite that fact, the collieries could not get the lads whom they needed, although the shipyards never, so far as I know, called for recruits in vain. Many boys hated the mining industry because the work was dirty, hard and ill-paid and often unhealthy, and their parents opposed their entry into it for these and other reasons. Despite all these objections, however, I believe that the colliery companies need never have been short of recruits if they had looked after their boys properly, because there is a skill and a danger and difficulty in mining that will always make an appeal to a certain type of youngster, and a very fine type it is! But the boys were, for the most part, overworked, both with regard to hours and holidays and the type of work they did, given little encouragement or training by managements, and generally neglected, while in their villages, they were given no facilities for recreation. So, being sensible boys, with sensible parents, they went elsewhere for employment, or, stayed on at the Juvenile Instruction Centres, in the hope that something else, anything rather than a pit job, would turn up in due time. Perhaps, by now, the Colliery Companies have learned their lesson—at any rate those with Bevin boys have more or less had to do so, I believe.

The Wearside and Tyneside boys were, on the other hand, always keen to get a job in

the shipyards, because shipbuilding is a trade that appeals strongly to the manual skill that so many boys from those areas seem to have inherited from their forebears.

Overwork

My last work with youth before the war recalled me to the Army was on a big Housing Estate in Nottingham. Here I saw what the 44-hour working week really means to the boys who work it when they live some miles away from their jobs. It means an early rise at 6 or 6.30 a.m., a hasty breakfast, a two to three mile bike ride in all weathers so that if it is raining on the way work is done all day in wet clothes, a sandwich lunch for most, and a bike ride again back home at 5 or 6 p.m. For the Club Leader the 44-hour week means almost invariably tired boys, too tired to get any benefit from recreational games and too tired really to enjoy many of the Club's best activities. Those bike rides also often meant sick boys who usually worked through their chills and their 'flu to save losing a day's pay, and on occasions got really ill as a result.

Two instances of neglect from my Nottingham period remain specially in my memory—a very keen boy (now doing well in the R.A.F.) who was sacked from his firm, where he much enjoyed his work and thought he was doing very well, without a day's notice or a word of explanation or regret—he was terribly upset and embittered; and a delicate boy who got really ill through working in the unhealthy steaming atmosphere of a clothes cleaning shop.

I think that I have said enough to prove my contention regarding the verdict of future historians at least, so far as boys are concerned.

Of course, I have met boys who have been happy and were looked after in their employment, but they have certainly been the exception, and I am sure that my experiences have not been particularly unfortunate.

I am very ignorant of the conditions of work for girls in industry, but Miss Jephcott's book *Girls Growing Up* painted a far from happy picture.

What is to be done?

What then is to be done about this matter? We cannot as a community be satisfied to allow the present deplorable state of affairs to continue, nor shall we get the results which we want by merely passing more laws to improve the working conditions of our youth, however desirable and necessary such laws may be. What we require as a community is a new sense of personal responsibility for their welfare, so that we regard their happiness and well-being as something in which we are all intimately concerned, as in fact we truly are.

This is not only the concern of employers; it is the business of us all. If, for instance, every housewife complained, instead of thanking the shopkeeper, when a tired errand boy brought her goods in the evening—I refer, of course to the days of peace!—there would very soon be no tired errand boys, and if every hotel visitor, whose own sons have long

holidays and plenty of games at school, asked the manager about the pages' hours of work there would soon be happier pages, or, better still, perhaps, no pages at all. We must be angry and ashamed when we see young people being used wrongly for our benefit or gain, and their parents, too, must cease to exploit them. By slow degrees the XIXth century achieved this attitude of mind towards young children—it is the business of the XXth century to extend it to adolescents, who need understanding and love and care every bit as much as do children, if they are to grow up the kind of men and women God meant them to be. No one who has had the privilege and joy of being a parent or Club Leader can doubt for one moment that Christ was thinking of boys and girls of all ages when He said "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

R.A.C.R.

BACK TO

Readers have already heard how a Toc H Services Club, the first in liberated Europe, was already being got ready by some of our Belgian members (they had been working in the resistance movement throughout the occupation of Brussels), before Arthur Edgar and his team of workers from home began to arrive on the scene. The Brussels Club occupies three houses in one, with gardens and garages, at 28-30 Boulevard de Waterloo. It has rung the changes on rank: originally a Belgian Officers' Club, it became a German N.C.O.'s Club and now it serves British 'other ranks.' There is sleeping accommodation for 120 men and good recreation rooms.

A Concert

Arthur Edgar was responsible, in the name of Toc H, for organising the first concert for the Fighting Forces in Brussels. This was called "A Grand Liberation Concert" and was held at the Theatre Royal du Cirque. The programme included: The Royal Belgian Guides' Band, Monsieur Maurice de Groot from the Brussels Opera, Christian

BRUSSELS

from the famous Brussels Cabaret 'The Chicken Coop,' and the Corps de Ballet from the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie. Arthur Edgar had met Field Marshal Montgomery before the concert and asked him if he would be present, but was told the Field Marshal had to go up the line, but would gladly autograph a programme. During the performance this was auctioned and raised 50,000 Belgian francs (about £283) for Toc H.

The Gallant Burgomaster

Toc H is honoured to have as President of its effort in the Belgian capital, the Burgomaster of Brussels. For he is a worthy successor of the famous Burgomaster Max, who defied the Kaiser in 1914 and was imprisoned for it. The present Burgomaster is thus described in a book recently published in America (*Belgium in Bondage*, by Jan-Albert Goris):

"When Max died on November 6, 1939, he was succeeded by one of the aldermen, Dr. F. J. Meulebroeck. The new mayor looks like a character from a Hals painting, presiding over some friendly drinking feast where everyone is



The Burgomaster leaving the meeting on Nov. 9.
(Photo: Inbel).

clothed in glowing black satin, each heavy, short neck encircled with a delicate white lace collar. Dr. Van de Meulebroeck had been in charge of the Department of Public Works in Brussels for over twenty years, and his record was honest and efficient. In the first World War he had volunteered as a doctor and had been decorated several times for his bravery under fire. He is an amiable man, a plain, blunt fellow, very popular with the common people and very much esteemed by the better informed citizen . . . He is the embodiment of common sense and of honesty."

The writer goes on to describe how the new Burgomaster received the delegates of the *Wehrmacht*, "tense and erect" on the steps of his Town Hall, as the German Army marched into Brussels in May, 1940. The invaders knew from experience what opposition they could expect from the Belgian civil authorities, especially the senior ones, and set one of their Quislings to remove all public officers over sixty. The Burgomaster of Brussels, just turned sixty, was told he could remain in office if he would "collaborate":

"Dr. Van de Meulebroeck said No. He did more. On June 30, 1942, he told the whole story in a proclamation which was secretly printed and, according to local custom and tradition, posted on walls in Brussels. In this proclamation the mayor told the population what had happened and informed them that he would be forced to go.

'However,' he concluded, 'I have not relinquished my office. I am still your mayor, and I shall continue to be.' At noontime the people of Brussels read the proclamation and, foreseeing what would happen, they hastily copied it. Office girls took down the text in shorthand, while people kept watch for the Nazi patrol, which arrived before long, dispersing the crowd, slashing at the texts with their bayonets or pasting them over with *Verordnungen* (regulations) of all kinds."

That evening the Germans marched into the Town Hall and arrested the mayor, who said calmly to the aldermen round him: "I say *au revoir* to you, not *adieu*." Next day a 'Van de Meulebroeck tax' of 5,000,000 francs was imposed on the city:

"For the Nazis, the incident was closed. For the democratic world the story had just begun. It was the first open manifestation of the spirit of resistance in Belgium . . . Van de Meulebroeck's courageous conduct . . . has shown the world that he had a right to say in his proclamation, '*Those who really belong to our race, fear nothing nor anybody in the world. They have only one fear—to fail in their duty and their honour.*'"

On November 9, Lord Mayor's Day, both the new Lord Mayor of London and Mr. Churchill roused applause for two guests of honour at the banquet table, General Koenig, the Governor of Paris, and Dr. Van de Meulebroeck, the Burgomaster of Brussels. That afternoon Toc H found opportunity at a meeting, hastily arranged, to honour and thank the Burgomaster. The House of Commons Group received him in a Committee Room in the House and heard a short and vigorous speech, in French, from him. Col. W. H. Carver (Hull) took the chair and a score of M.P.'s were present. Among other guests were M. Autfemme and M. Maurice Guillaume of the Belgian Government offices in London, good friends of Toc H, and our own membership was represented by Tubby, the Hon. Administrator, Rex Calkin, Barkis, Padre Ben Dakin, H. J. Haggis and A. W. Pimblott (both former Chairmen of Brussels Branch) and Gordon Blackman (Charleroi Branch, Secretary of the International Relations Committee).

There followed a very pleasant tea-party in the House—which Harry Willink (Minister of Health), our late Chairman, managed to attend.

SIDELIGHTS FROM THE SEA

TUBBY, who arrived home from the Mediterranean on October 28, contributes these.

I. A Malta Memory

THE kind of interview which I enjoy occurred last Sunday night. I had instructions straight from Belfast to Malta (*i.e.*, Jimmy Allen) that it would be most wise to give myself the pleasure of a talk with one G.R. Wild horses shall not drag his name from me. G.R. made an appointment some days back, and turned up on the tick, and I found a man of 26, determined, quiet and old-fashioned, with a sense of fun and tremendously indebted to Toc H; the kind of man whom it is good to meet.

He told me he had met me once before, and when I asked him where, he said did I remember a small boy who came up to Portsdown Hill with Charlie Brownjohn many years ago, when we inspected a small camp set up by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company during their patriotic undertaking of trying to find oil supplies in Britain? I had to confess that I could not identify the boy concerned without G.R.'s assistance. G.R. explained his presence on that far distant day by telling me he had just come down straight from home and school to start his work in Portsmouth, where he did not know a soul. He was lucky to get a bed in the Y.M.C.A., and when he came down to breakfast the next morning, to his immense surprise, almost confusion, a most distinguished senior navy man, apparently a Writer C.P.O., instead of eating his breakfast in that silent and morose manner which is traditional in Naval circles, spoke to the boy, and asked what he was doing, and they became friends. One day, a little later on, the writer said he was meeting an old friend and they were going up together to Portsdown Hill, and would he like to go too. Here in Malta I beheld the sequel, a grown true man, who had for years belonged to that most famous Branch, known as Old Portsmouth. Charlie Brownjohn and G.R. are lifelong friends.

Without revealing any facts as to the useful part he was playing, G.R. gave me two points which struck him as amusing to any

student of the age-long growth which is insured in Admiralty Rules. Both are minor and of no importance but they are flavoured with antiquity.

Firstly, "Bugles and Flutes (B Flat, Low Pitch)" are part of the official armament solely supplied to H.M. Ships and Shore Establishments, under the Director of Armament Supply to the Admiralty. Why bugles became part of the armaments is not too clear, presumably a bugle was needed in the days of Nelson for opening fire, or sending away Boarding Parties; that might make sense, but why in the world "Flutes (B Flat, Low Pitch)"? Was it because no other branch in the Navy could undertake so delicate a thing as "Flutes (B Flat, Low Pitch)"? Who then provides flutes of A Sharp, high pitch, should such exist. Who arms the band with oboes, bassoons and triangles, trombones and castanets? Why should the Great Director of Armament Supply solely supply the Flute (B Flat, Low Pitch) and then desert Melpomene and St. Cecilia?

Secondly, is it not strange that after all these years no one should have thought of any alteration to the ship's side-arms. Why are they called 'side-arms'?; because they still hang beside the gun. What are side-arms? First there are the brushes, and then the rammers and sponge. Even the genius in America has not so far discovered any means whereby these brushes, these old-fashioned rammers or the immense old sponge can be replaced. You would have thought that in the years between the days of Sam Pepys and Bob Burnett some odd ingenious instrument would have replaced these primitive old tools; but the gun must still be sponged, the charge rammed home and the piece still be brushed like an old dog. No one has yet discovered an alternative to this old-fashioned toilet for the gun, before and after it has done its work. Permanent waves, electric hair-dressing and every form of progress can be found available for brushing the human being, but the most modern gun will go on

strike unless it still received the old attentions paid to the first gun cast. The ship's side-arms remain the rammer, brushes and sponge.

One of the truest teachers ever known at Oxford University decided to have upon his tombstone the following three words: "He died learning." When an old man ceases to be ready to learn new facts from everyone he meets, he is in point of fact already dead; for his interests have ceased to operate, and his mind refuses to absorb. So I sat back and much enjoyed my talk with G.R. At the end of it, I had not imparted Divine Knowledge, as a parson ought to do on a Sunday night; but on the other hand, we had made friends. It always cheers me up to find a man intensely competent in his own sphere, belonging to Toc H by sheer conviction that it is not a bad thing to belong to, if you want to find a worthwhile way of practising the Faith.

II. "Sonny"

An old C.E.R.A., looking so spent that I could hardly recognise in him a shipmate of the *Boreas* and *Brilliant*, has come ashore at last, after five years of small craft engine-room responsibilities.

He won, and went to get, his D.S.M. One of the Court Officials at the Palace asked him to keep a friendly eye upon a little waif who was among the crowd of recipients. The Chief went up to this undersized midget and said: "Well, sonny, come for your father's medal?" "Naow, Chiefy," said the child, "Come for my own." It turned out he was almost seventeen, but mal-nutrition had checked his development. Then came the

war; at 15 he got in as a ship's boy, and here was the result. The Chief and he were in the same hotel that night in London, and the boy in his high-pitched voice complained that, after the Investiture, he went to a great store to get some extra ribbon. An old retired Navy man, in charge of the department, told him plainly that Decoration ribbon was not to be sold to small boys for their collections. He got a proper rise out of the shopkeeper by there and then producing medal and ribbon, which he had taken off because folk smiled. The "Chiefy" fully sympathised with him, and asked him if he wanted more seafaring. The boy, who had behaved with great gallantry both in his ship and after she was sunk off Murmansk, gave the very natural answer: "Okay, I don't mind going to sea again, but not on that bloody run."

III. The Sheep Saves the Sheep-Dog

In the attack upon Diego Suarez, a King's ship was attacked and lay stopped, holed by two torpedoes. She was still afloat. A third torpedo was running straight for her, when a tanker she had been escorting, which had discharged her forward tanks at sea refuelling the escort, was observed suddenly to increase her turn of speed. I heard this from the R.N. side of things; they said the Master of the British Tanker saw the track of the third torpedo in time to intercept it, as his handling proved. The tanker deliberately took the torpedo forward, where the crew are no longer berthed, and on blown tanks. A vast explosion destroyed her bows. But H.M.S. . . . was saved a third torpedo, which would have drowned hundreds of the ship's company.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE WORLD CHAIN

In the first week in December Paul Slessor and Barkis and, it is hoped, Tubby will visit Belgium to set Talbot House, Poperinghe, in order again after its deliverance. They will light the Poperinghe Lamp in the Upper Room at 9 p.m. on December 11 to start the World Chain of Light. Conditions—per-

sonnel, furniture, heating, etc.—may not make it possible to keep the customary 24-hour vigil in the Upper Room, but this will be done in the Chapel of St. Stephen's Services Club, Westminster, from 9 p.m. on December 11 to 9 p.m. on December 12.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BELL.—On November 8, VALENTINE BELL, M.B.E., aged 66, formerly Chairman of Battersea and Clapham Branch. Elected 1.11.'23. (*See notice below.*)

BOSWORTH.—On November 28, 1943, G. BOSWORTH, a member of Morecambe Branch. Elected 6.10.'33.

BROWN.—On October 20, suddenly *en route* to the Branch meeting, WILLIAM HENRY BROWN, aged 68, Secretary of Wellington (Som.) Branch, Chairman of the District Team and member of the Area Executive. Elected 18.4.'36.

BURGESS.—In September, J. HOWARD BURGESS, Hon. Area Commissioner for Toc H South Australia, 1938-1944.

CLEMENS.—In 1943, EDGAR CLEMENS, a member of the South Western Area General Branch. Elected 1.2.'36.

COMPTON.—Col. Lord DOUGLAS COMPTON, C.B.E., joined Toc H from the Cavendish Association, 1921.

CROSS.—On November 7, EDGAR H. CROSS, aged 81, a member of Arnold and Daybrook Group. Elected 17.12.'38.

HEATON ELLIS.—Vice-Admiral Sir E. HEATON ELLIS, a member of the General Branch. Elected 1935.

JOHNSON.—Killed in action in Italy on October 11, KENNETH JOHNSON, a member of Walton and Dogsthorpe Group. Elected 1.6.'38.

JONES.—On October 6, WILFRED HENRY JONES, aged 70, a member of Wellington (Som.) Branch. Elected 7.12.'42.

Luck.—Killed in action in Holland on

September 16, JOHN L. LUCK, a member of Bethnal Green Branch. Elected 24.8.'28.

STEELE.—Killed in action in Italy, GEORGE G. STEELE. Elected in Khartoum 6.3.'43.

SUTTON.—On October 4, BENJAMIN CHARLES SUTTON, aged 61, a member of Bury St. Edmunds Branch. Elected 29.9.'34.

SYER.—On October 26, after an illness patiently borne, REGINALD SYER, aged 30, a member of Crosby Group and Hon. Area Correspondent, North Western Area. Elected 13.10.'37.

TEMPLE.—On October 26, WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of Canterbury, aged 63, a President of Toc H (*See notice below.*)

TUDOR.—On September 30, HAROLD TUDOR, a member of the General Branch and Warden of Birmingham Services Club.

UPEX.—In September, KENNETH UPEX, aged 40, a member of Helston Branch. Elected 21.10.'38.

WEBSTER.—On August 4, WILLIAM ALBERT WEBSTER, aged 67, a founder member of Wellington (Som.) Branch. Elected 22.11.'29.

YOUNG.—Died of wounds in September, after an immediate award of the M.C., SIDNEY C. W. YOUNG, Major, Somerset Light Infantry, a member of Yeovil Branch. Elected 11.10.'38.

Missing

ALLEN.—Reported missing on September 30, C. A. ALLEN, Squadron Ldr., R.A.F., a member of Mark VII. Elected 28.6.'32.

MOUNTAIN.—Reported missing since 'D-day,' CYRIL MOUNTAIN, a member of York Branch. Elected 16.2.'38.

William Temple

bringing into a wider room; his voice was heeded like no other by members of all Churches in the country and many beyond it. He was far more than a figure of State, as, in our constitution, the Archbishop of Canterbury is bound to be; he was a fearless Christian statesman. He was no mere ecclesiastic, a parson for parsons; he mixed among men and was known, respected and

NO man, we are told, is indispensable, but at this moment of history in our country and the world—the coming of the moment which shall turn the long struggle of war into the long struggle for peace—a great and growing number of us felt that William Temple was as near being indispensable as any man. He was far more than the leader of the Church of England, which he was steadily

loved by laymen of the most diverse standing and opinion. He was trusted by all kinds of people who are normally suspicious of the clergy, not least by the generation which is fighting this war and would have followed him far in peace. Fine scholarship, a crystal-clear mind, encyclopædic knowledge, an astounding memory and tireless industry were not all of him. There was his very genial figure, his enormous laughter, his even temper. There was much more—he was a most humble and devoted servant of our Lord.

It is hard in a note like this not to be personal, for, looking back, I find myself in touch with William Temple at so many turns. They serve, perhaps, to illustrate his universality. In my undergraduate days he was one of the familiar figures at Oxford, one of the great names, and I met him here and there, first as an undergraduate himself, then as a young don. On the heels of that came a very different experience, when William Temple added to the gaiety of our little team of Oxford men living in Bermondsey and working in boys' Clubs. He loved the place (though our rickety beds *did* falter under his weight) and ever afterwards acknowledged his debt to 'The Doctor,' in whose plain school of Christian faith and love and humour so many budding bishops and obscurer laymen learned so much of the best we know. Again, not long after, as a very amateur lecturer myself in the Workers' Educational Association, I knew him not as the mere President of a great movement but as the trusted friend and leader of thousands of working men and women. Then there are early memories of him in quite another setting—at 'Swanwick,' the summer camp of the Student Christian Movement, where he was a giant in conference, an inspiring leader in our worship and a most jovial partner in the camp 'rags.'

On the eve of the last war (as it proved unexpectedly to be) came a closer touch. The whole story of *The Challenge* cannot be told here. 'A new kind of weekly Church newspaper' was our aim, and it was a bold, if ill-starred venture. William Temple, from the outset, was one of the small team of friends who made up its editorial committee; I (with

no experience of Fleet Street) was its first editor and had only been in office a few months when the outbreak of war added immensely both to our opportunities and our difficulties. From 1915 until the Armistice Temple succeeded me as editor. We achieved part of our aim, I think, but lack of capital and continuity killed our paper soon after the war ended.

One of the last issues of *The Challenge* in 1919 was given over to Tubby to propagate a mysterious concern of his own, then scarcely heard of beyond a small ex-service circle—Toc H. And in the ranks of this new venture, too, William Temple was to be found. As Canon of Westminster he was in touch with its earliest days in London. In 1921 as Bishop of Manchester he began an eight years connection with our growing membership there. Some will still remember his talk to us in his Cathedral at the Birthday Festival of 1926, held in Manchester. He expressed his own faith in Toc H when he said :

" Of all the movements which have come out of this turmoil of the war I believe this one to have the truest vitality, and that because it has based itself on remembrance of fellowship in endurance and suffering . . . and also because it has based on such remembrance a fellowship of service. Great experiences in the past and great hopes for the future are the two things which have most united men. Toc H has coupled them together. It desires no one who does not wish to find some service he can do."

In 1929, on his appointment as Archbishop of York, he said goodbye to his fellow members in Manchester at a meeting in Mark XIV, Salford. He had watched the movement grow and had helped it, and in his farewell talk he said :

" There is always a danger that when a thing is spread, like butter on bread, it becomes thinner. Instead of that Toc H is flourishing and, so far as I can see, the spread of its membership has not led to any dilution of its spirit. It is usual that the more one man has of a thing the less there is for anyone else, but that is not true of Toc H. Courage, love, loyalty are things of which the more one man has the more there is for everyone, and so long as Toc H stands for those things . . . there is no reason why it should fail."

At the end he stood on a chair and sang Gilbert and Sullivan songs in a way that moved men to tears as well as laughter.



With his move to York William Temple touched another area of membership. Some of us will always cherish the memory of a conference when a hundred picked members from the Yorkshire Area camped in the grounds of the Archbishop's house at Bishopthorpe for a June week-end in 1933. On Sunday afternoon they sat round him ("there was much grass in the place") while he stood under a cedar tree and talked to them with great simplicity about the use of prayer and self-examination and the triumphing confidence which comes from knowing God truly.

Then, in 1937, the Birthday Festival was held in York and once more the Archbishop had an opportunity to address a great audience of members at the Family Gathering on the Sunday afternoon. He chose as his subject "Freedom in our time":

"The whole point of democracy," he said, "is that every individual has to count for something . . . What we want is the spirit of fellowship with independence of mind, and what we are getting is mass minds, with the spirit of pugnacity in one herd against the other herd. That is what Toe H has to guard against by gathering in all kinds of people and mixing them up together. Toe H ought to have people holding all sorts of opinions being equal with the holders of other opinions. There is only one condition, I believe, upon which you can keep this principle going . . . and that is faith in God."

In 1942 he came South again as Archbishop of Canterbury and to become more and more a leader of the nation's ideals in the time of crisis. In one department after another his voice was heard, until men wondered how he could touch so many sides of life with mastery. A fine picture of this many-sided leadership is provided by the last book he published, the collection of his chief sermons and speeches during the last two years, called *The Church Looks Forward* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.). Here he is seen dealing, with authority, on such wide subjects as Church reunion, education, the Christian approach to finance and to venereal disease, to industrial management and the future of Germany. And among these views on great problems are enshrined his simple, truly evangelical broadcast talks on New Year, Christmas and Good Friday. The whole book does "look forward"; there can be no more robust and outspoken textbook for us who will have to equip ourselves for the post-war world.

In the midst of so many activities he found time for such things as a talk on books (*The Resources and Influence of English Literature*. National Book Council, 2s. 6d.), which is full of profound truth and jolly humour, a talk at which no 'brow,' high or low, could bear to frown. For William Temple's

interests were 'catholic' in the truest sense. He could quote (as in this talk) forty lines of Shelley or an absurd Limerick with equal zest. He spoke beautiful English in a beautiful voice; he had sung tenor and played an instrument. He loved the soil of England and especially the Lakes, and it was a delight to me, as one of the founders and the first Chairman of the Youth Hostels Association, to persuade him (he needed little persuasion) to become one of its Vice-Presidents and, as a redoubtable walker himself, to address its Council meeting with glorious sense and humour. For he saw the Y.H.A., as he saw everything else, as 'all of a piece' with true living—and all that living belonging to God's purpose. Toc H, in its insistence on 'every-day religion' and the spiritual unity of grave and gay, tries to follow the same view of life, and that is partly why William Temple understood it so well. In all his war-time pre-

occupations and his burden of leadership in Church and State, he always found time for Toc H when asked. The group of our own padres who sat round him at the London Centre not long ago and knew that, between two public engagements, he was giving them all his mind and heart, will not forget the experience. And the Central Executive will remember an hour on a matter in which they wished to consult him, meeting under his bomb-damaged roof at Lambeth.

This is not intended as a biography of one of the truly great leaders of our time, who will be missed in so many spheres of thought and action. As a philosopher and a churchman William Temple will always command a high place. But above the complications of those *rôles*, he stands, a simple figure, as a man who walked humbly with God and taught His ways to men. With proud thanksgiving we will remember him. B.B.

Val Bell

Many members, especially of his old Branch of Battersea and Clapham, will cherish memories of Val Bell. For he was a man of remarkable character, imaginative, outspoken and eloquent, a fine teacher and a true friend of the young, especially those in need and unemployment. Himself a working man, he understood their difficulties well. He became a teacher in 1899, fought in the last war as a captain and continued in the London teaching service till his retirement in 1940—and then, like many another, he came back to pilot a London school through the difficult stages of evacuation to the country. This he did with the same gifts of energy, imagination and humour which he had displayed so gloriously in his Continuation School in Battersea, where no unemployed

boy or girl willing to learn was ever denied his friendship and help. He was joint-founder of the Battersea J.O.C., and Secretary of the London Youth Committee. His voice was much heard in forceful broadcasts concerning unemployed youth about 1925, and in 1934 he travelled all over the country conducting an enquiry into this subject for the Carnegie Trust, a strenuous work which won him decoration. He taught Toc H much about jobmastery in early days; articles by him on "Making a Social Survey," and, many years later, on his experiences as headmaster of an evacuated school, appeared in these pages. But the lives of many Londoners whom Val Bell inspired and set upon the road of hope and achievement are his best monument. B.B.

A Worker wanted for the Leprosy field

BELRA wishes to recruit a new Toc H lay worker for the Uzuakoli Leper Settlement, where fine work is being carried on. The colony is rapidly expanding and, if available, a man with engineering qualifications, mechanical or civil, or with a knowledge of building operations, would be most useful and would be given preference. Candidates, however, need not be deterred from applying because of lack of these qualifications. Write to the General Secretary, British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, 167, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

WITH THE BLIND, DEAF AND DUMB

MUCH has been published in these pages in the last four years about the war-work of Toc H because all of it is 'topical' and some of it takes new forms; far too little, perhaps, has been heard of the life of the units at home and the jobs which, with heavily depleted and overworked manpower, they have faithfully carried on. Let us now take a glimpse at one corner of service which is as old as Toc H itself—work among the blind and the deaf and dumb.

The Blind

An example of Toc H work with the civilian blind comes from Brighton, where the Club run for them by the Branch for the last thirteen years still carries on. They meet weekly at 'The Lantern,' premises belonging to the local Blind Welfare Society, and the numbers, in spite of coming and going, remain about the same as usual—33. The Club is managed by a committee of blind members, with three representatives of Toc H and a Toc H Chairman. Nowadays not all the helpers are members of ours, but at least three Toc H men and one member of the Women's Section attend every Saturday.

A second example comes from Ascot, where the Sunningdale Group of Toc H has found a job waiting on its doorstep at the Robert Spurrier Home for the Blind. This was opened a couple of years ago by the Servers of the Blind League, which has long had close connection with Toc H. Before the war, for instance, a Toc H member, organised every year a scheme for the League which enabled a large number of blind people, each accompanied by a sighted guide, to spend a Summer holiday in the home of a friend—and for many of the blind this was the first real holiday of their lives. In some places Toc H members have helped regularly to entertain the blind in the League's Clubs and Homes. And now a new opportunity is being taken at Ascot. The plight of the blind during the 'blitz' period of 1940-41 was specially hard. Many of them in places like Coventry, Bristol, Hull, Plymouth or

London lost their homes by enemy action, some more than once. The Servers of the Blind League opened a War-time Home at Woking for such blind people, mostly very poor, some very old. This rapidly filled, and the League, with a big struggle, then started a second home at Ascot, intended to be permanent. It bears the name of Robert Spurrier, for many years Chairman of the League who died suddenly before he saw it opened; he was succeeded as Chairman by Barclay Baron, of Toc H Headquarters, a new link between us and the League.

Already there were two members of Toc H among the blind men living in the Ascot Home, and when the flying bomb campaign made many more blind people homeless and the Home enlarged its accommodation with temporary quarters, among the homeless men who were taken in several more members of Toc H were found. Here was a golden opportunity of service for the Sunningdale Group. They are not only sending a couple of members regularly to help entertain the blind but have arranged to use a room in the Robert Spurrier Home as their regular meeting place and the fellowship of the unit may well become unique in its proportion of members who see the Light of Toc H but not of day.

The Deaf and Dumb

The lot of the deaf and dumb is, perhaps, harder than that of the blind. Their disability is less obvious to those they meet and less sympathy and help is offered to them; it is commonly observed that they are less happy people. They exist among us in greater numbers than most of us suspect—as Leicester Branch discovered many years ago when it set out to extend its fellowship to them.

Here is a story of Toc H effort which comes from Harrogate—the story of the 'Ephphatha Grope,' as its own members have christened it. (For the clue see St. Mark's Gospel, VII, v. 32-35.)

"In this town," writes Harry Buckle, one of our members, "there are a few deaf and



Ephphatha Group: the younger men are deaf and dumb.

dumb lads—to be exact young men between 20 and 30—whom some of us contacted some twelve months ago. We talked to them about Toc H and they responded with a will to know more. It was hard going at first, but by getting down to their finger-language and with much practice we now rattle along—sometimes—at slow conversation speed.

When the Women's Section here opened a Canteen for the troops these lads did trojan work. With coats off and rolled sleeves, they scrubbed, painted, whacked carpets and polished, night after night. Then began a meeting each Thursday. At first their job was toy-making—odd tools, odd chunks of wood, odd everything, and by Christmas there were over 130 grand toys ready for distribution by one of our members who is connected with the N.S.P.C.C., a joy to dozens of children who had no hope of Father Christmas. These toys were a treat to see—tanks, barrows, trucks, ducks and rabbits on wheels, engines, trains and signals, all strongly made and painted in bright colours, but *not* freaks.

After Christmas we settled down in earnest. A room was hired for Thursday nights; log and attendance books were kept, a contribution box made—and used. Then talks were given on the Four Points of the Compass and the ideas of Toc H; we thrashed the whole thing out for minds ready to assimilate. The average attendance is very good. Two speaking Toc H members are nearly always present and at the moment we have six deaf and dumb, with more on the horizon, and often visitors and some of our own members. The programme is much the same as that of an ordinary Group—talks on

local and current affairs, discussions, a game now and then, a business talk once a month to see how finance is going, and we have a Spelling Bee on hand. 'Light' is taken in turn at each meeting, so that all get a share, and we have been given the use of the Chapel at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, where several services have been held.

Then came jobs to do. The Women's Section Canteen has come in for attention again. Two of the deaf and dumb go down each week to wash up and do chores. Another job is taking out deaf-blind from the National Institute of the Blind Home here, a very apt job which they do extremely well, for they are able to chat on their hands with these doubly-afflicted folk. I personally visit the General Hospital on Sundays to distribute books from our Toc H Library, and one or two of these lads come with me every time; they have only missed once in six months. This is a great help, for the tray of books uncannily increases its weight from bed to bed and ward to ward. Furthermore, the lads soon expressed disapproval of the quality of our books, caused by shortage of manpower and war conditions, and rigged up a 'beetle-drive' and other small events, with the result that they were able to purchase fifty fresh books, all sound material picked up from second-hand shops and elsewhere.

Several of them are Fireguards and, as attendance at an official lecture was useless to them, we had a Fireguard Night, with a large street-plan to explain how it all worked and questions put to those of us who had attended Fireguard lectures and demonstrations. We have also had lantern slides of many places with talks *ad lib*, for at a public lecture they can only see the pictures and have to guess the rest.

These men live more or less in a world of their own and the 'Ephphatha Grope' (we have applied for recognition for it as a Group and the lads hope soon to be initiated as members) is doing something to bring them into the fellowship of normal people. It is an interesting job and a move for Toc H along a new road which I am confident is worth travelling."